

# Thought I Heard (Bread Winners' Anthem)

Kevin Gates

Thought I heard somebody say they was a bread winner  
Thought I heard somebody say they was a bread winner  
Thought I heard somebody say they wanna break one  
Thought I heard somebody say they wanna break one  
Me and my lil ho, we be out in public  
Catchin' feelin's, I be fuckin' ho without the rubber  
Kick a bitch ass, go to jail, beat up her brother  
Disrespect me, I'mma die, that's just how I'm comin'  
Shots fired, they just playin', they just might empty  
Mic check, smash the gas, let the light catch 'em  
Catch you with your clique and do somethin' bad  
Talkin' shit that you was talkin' on the 'Gram  
My momma taught me how to not be loyal to a woman  
They gon' let your lawyer partner rip when you not lookin'  
Success is nothin', I'm thuggin', I'm goin' out my mind  
When shawty brought that pressure you was scared to go outside  
Talkin' 'bout me bad to Ciana but it's obvious  
'Cause I'm gettin' cash like Ciana, buyin' property  
I'm the truth, chosen one, couple niggas said it  
Why you mad at Kevin Gates? Ain't you gettin' paper  
Thought I heard somebody say they was a bread winner  
Thought I heard somebody say they was a bread winner  
Got it out the mud and I got it hard  
All praise be to God, fuck a bodyguard  
Thought I heard somebody say they was a bread winner  
Thought I heard somebody say they was a bread winner  
Got it out the mud and I got it hard  
All praise be to God, fuck a bodyguard  
Show my ass, won't pull up my pants, let me do my dance  
Show my ass, won't pull up my pants, let me do my dance  
Show my ass, won't pull up my pants, let me do my dance  
(Show my ass) Won't pull up my pants, let me do my dance  
Lookin' for me? Give me that raw, I'm 'bout to step  
on somethin'  
Got a house full of puppies, better not step on nothin'  
Where these niggas was when I used to sell rocks?  
Shoutout everybody in the work and sell block  
Me and Molly-Ock with the 30 round Glock  
Breadwinner run party rockin' non-stop  
Say you sorry, go let God forgive you, I don't hear ya  
Note to self, them niggas ain't really fuckin' witcha  
Note to self, them niggas been gettin' comfortable  
Rape your ass off when you tired, that shit'll humble you

I don't get tired, when you tired it come from under you  
Jump by, jump on songs, do what a grinder do  
Cocaine in the streets, MC Hammer  
Bumpin' the Steven Carol with the black bandana  
Ce-loo nigga, concentration camp anthem  
Sippin', you get jacked, kidnapped, held up for ransom  
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Jay Lewis, do the Jay Lewis, watch that Geaux Yella  
Margielas, bumpin' gold yellow with a cold stepper  
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